



MOIRA, BEAUTIFUL INSIDE & OUT

Emma Carroll

“She will be dearly missed,” I noted as I thanked person after person for their condolences. My bottom lip quivered with a sadness that I couldn’t allow to break through.

The sun shone down on us in such a way that it was almost as if God was telling me everything would be alright and that I should mop up my tears and get on with life.

Nothing would be alright. Ever.

Moira was all I had. She was my past and was supposed to be my future. I had so many road trips and sunset picnics planned for us.

We were supposed to live out our days together.

“I’ll love you forever, lovebug.” I gently tossed a store-bought rose onto her.

Moira, you were the best damn car a girl could ask for. You will be dearly missed.